

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

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"Where Liberty Dwells there is my Country."—Cicero.

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POETRY.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The summer day has closed the sun is set,
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its platted tissues on the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and their graves await
The resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; Painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood,
Their prison shells, or shored them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottage with dark walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe,
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled and closed. This day hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted: it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed, and it hath heard, from the lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word.
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day those of quiet age,
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean
Amid the thick'ning darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick drawn breath.

Oh! thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or change, or Flight of Time, for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars: the very hour
He knows, when they will darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and death
Come unforewarned, Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes or bitter strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men;
Which who can bear? Or shall the years,
Push, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the still twilight of my age?
Of do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of beings which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

AN INDIAN DUEL.

Wingund waited until the speech of his antagonist
had been translated to him; when he replied with un-
moved composure—"If the crow warriors require bet-
ter witness than words it is not difficult to find. They
have already been told that the Kain-na-wha stranger
gave to Mahega a present of a bow and arrows, which
he hid in the rocks; Wingund took them out, and here
they are." As the youth spoke he dropped the blanket
that had been thrown over his left arm and shoulder,
holding up to the council the bow and arrows, which all
present immediately recognized as being made and or-
namented by the Blackfeet. "Are the warriors yet con-
vinced," continued the youth raising his voice, "or do
they wish for more? If they do, let them seize the
Washasho wolf, they will find in his belt—" He was
not allowed to finish the sentence; the storm that had
long been brooding, now in all its fury. Mahega, driv-
en unto desperation by the damning evidence brought
against him, and reckless of all save the gratification
of his fierce revenge, whirled his iron-pointed mace around
his head and launched it with tremendous force at
Wingund. Never had the latter even for an instant,
taken his falcon eye off the Osage; but so swift was the
motion with which the weapon was thrown, that al-
though he sprang lightly aside to avoid it, the spiked
head grazed and laid open his cheek, whence it glanced
off, and striking an unlucky Crow who stood behind
him, told him, with a broken arm, to the earth. Even
in the act of stopping to escape the mace, Wingund
flung an arrow into the Blackfoot bow which he held
in his hand and rising as quick as thought, let it fly at
his gigantic adversary, with so sure an aim that it pierced
the windpipe, and the point came out at the back of his
neck close to his spine. While the Osage, half stran-
gled and paralyzed, tugged ineffectually at the fatal
shaft, Wingund leaped upon him with the bound of a
tiger, and uttering loud the war cry of the Lenape,
buried his knife in the heart of his foe. With one con-
vulsive groan, the dying Osage fell heavily to the earth;
and ere the by-standers had recovered from their aston-
ishment, his blood-stained scalp hung at the belt of the
victorious Delaware.—*Prairie Bird.*

PASSING THE BUTTER.

"Willy," said a doting parent at the breakfast table,
to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered
the grammar-class at the High School; "Willy, my
will you pass the butter?"
"Certainly, this—it takes me to part the anything
Butter like a common thubantive, neuter gender,
agree with hot buckwheat cakes, and is governed
by thugthouth molathes understood."

A steward lately wrote to a bookseller in London for
some books to fit up his master's library—"In the first
place, I want 6 feet of geology, the same quantity of
school metaphysics, and nearly a yard of old civil law,
in folio."

A STRANGE VOW.

A singular instance of Hindoo devotionism—a Brah-
min from the North—has visited these parts, and is now
on his way to Cape Comorin, if he has not already
reached it. He rolls himself over and over on the bare
ground, about three miles each day on his way to the
above mentioned place; and it is said that he has trav-
elled in this manner all the way from Benares, in do-
ing which he has consumed nine years and three
months. He sets out at dawn, with thick clothes tied
round his body and temples, and having reached the
village fixed upon he performs his devotions and spends
the rest of the day with his family, who travel with him
in bullock carts. He is fanned as he rolls along, by
his son, a youth of 10 or 12 years of age; while the
musician of the village which he leaves or that to
which he is going, accompany him with music and
shouting; thousands of people gazing with admiration
upon his progress, and applauding him as 'a great soul'
—a most religious man. When he comes to a tank or
river, or other places which he cannot cross by rolling on
the ground he walks through them, and on the other
side, rolls the same distance along the bank, and back
again. When he reaches Cape Comorin, he is to set a
plum, and wait there till he offers the fruit of it to
the Deity whom he worships; after which they say, he
is to roll back again to Benares, on the other side of
the Ghauts. He is a stout man of about 40 years of
age, and is said to be not much injured by his devotion-
ism. The act, instead of being regarded as a waste of
time and labor, is praised by the Hindoos generally, as
an evidence of the highest wisdom and magnanimity;
and yet some of them enlightened by Christianity, re-
gard it as folly; unless which is not certain, he derives
a splendid profit from it in the offerings of the people.
Certain it is that his family maintains a most respecta-
ble appearance; but it is said he was a man of property
before he set out on his strange pilgrimage. Many will
probably, consider this an instance of mistaken piety,
but the real cause of it being known will probably ex-
plain most other instances of Hindoo devotionism.

It appears that he had no child; and being unable
to bear this evil which the Hindoos ascribe to the sins
of a former birth—made a vow to his god that if he
would grant him a son, he would undertake the pen-
ance which he is now performing. A son was born to
him—the same that now fans him as he rolls along.
It is said, but this is probably a tale, that he did not at
once begin his vow, in consequence of which the child
became blind, and that, when he started about his un-
dertaking, a restoration of the child's sight was granted
by the deity. Perhaps the business is tolerably pleas-
ant to the man by this time, accompanied as he is by
pomp and praise; but even if it were not, his fear of lo-
osing the child, by the anger of the god, would be suf-
ficient to keep him faithful to his promise.—*Petit's Indi-
an Journal.*

THE GREAT MUSICIAN.

Of all the feathered songsters, no one ever approach-
es in variety and compass of voice to the matchless
powers of the American mocking bird. "He listens
with attention," to use the highly graphic language of
Nuttall, "to each passing sound, treasures up lessons
from everything vocal, and is capable of imitating with
exactness both in measure and accent, the notes of all
the feathered creation. And however wild and disor-
dant the tones may be, he contrives with an Orphean
talent, peculiarly his own, to infuse into them that
sweetness of expression and harmonious modulation,
which characterize this inimitable and wonderful com-
poser."

"With the dawn of the morning, our sublime song-
ster, in his native wilds, mounted on the topmost branch
of a tall bush or tree, pours out his admirable song,
which amidst the multitude of notes from all the war-
bling host still rises preeminent, so that his solo is heard
alone, and all the rest of the musical choir appear em-
ployed in mere accompaniments to this grand actor in
the sublime opera of nature."

VANITY.

If you wish to make a man your friend, let him do
you a favor; if you wish to wean his friendship, let him
feel that you have done him a favor. Pride is the most
powerful emotion of the heart. You may stab the af-
fections, and the wound, in the course of time, will cicatrize,
but if you stab the vanity, the wound will rankle forever.
It is far more easy to win a man's love, by feed-
ing his admiration for himself, than by teaching him to
admire you. If you allow him to be No. 1, he will be
ready to admit you are No. 2. All men who are popu-
lar, either in the world or in society, act upon the same
principle. The polished knight of the carpet flatters
the fair, in order that the admiration he expresses may
be reflected from them upon himself; and the demagogue
swells upon the virtue, intelligence and majesty of the
people, to the end that they may think it incumbent on
them to elevate their servant. Each acts upon the well
established principle. Fill the cup of a man's (or wo-
man's) self love to repletion, and all that runs over will
belong to you.—*Savannah Georgian.*

To clean a loaded Gun.—Stop the touch hole by
means of a little wax; and then pour a little thick quick-
silver into the barrels, and roll it along them for a few
minutes. The mercury and the lead will form an amal-
gam, and leave the gun as clean as the first day it
came out of the shop. You have then only to strain
the quicksilver through a piece of thin washy leather,
and it is again fit for use, for the lead will be left strain-
er.

AN ACTOR'S IDEA.—The late John Kemble met a
man in the street who appeared extremely distressed,
and asked charity, he gave him something observing,
"either that man must be in actual distress, or he is a
first rate actor."

TRICE SMITTEN.—A gentleman in Shelby county,
Ky., fell desperately in love the other day with a girl, at
first sight, and attempted to kiss her whereupon she
knocked him down.

In South Wales, a board was raised upon a post
upon which was inscribed, "When this board is six feet
under water, the road is impassable." We should im-
agine so, decidedly.

Why is a young woman like a due bill? Because
she ought to be 'settled off' as soon as she 'comes to
maturity.'

When does a man shave himself with silver? When
he cuts his hair off with a shilling.

GLORY.

Mr. Allen, in his work descriptive of the march
through Scitide, presents the following scene, a fine com-
ment on Military glory:—"The entrance to the pass
would have formed a fine subject for Salvator Rosa.—
The sun had not risen, and the gorge looked dark, gloom-
y, and threatening. I was between the quartermas-
ter general's party and the column; consequently, there
were but few people, and one or two officers scattered
about. The craggy, fantastic rocks towered almost per-
pendicularly on both sides, many of them quite so, to an
enormous height. The foreground was occupied by the
skeletons of the ill-fated troops, with the larger forms of
camels and the horses. The gray light of morning
scarcely allowed the eye to penetrate the pass, which ap-
peared entirely shut in. Large carrion crows and vultures
with flagging wings, were soaring heavily over-
head. As we entered the ghastly memorials of past cala-
mity became more and more frequent. It is impossi-
ble to estimate their numbers, but the ground & through
the whole length of the pass, about five miles, was en-
cumbered with them. Some were gathering in crowds
under the rocks, as if to obtain shelter from the biting
wind; we conceived what it must have been in January,
for such was the intensity of the cold that we were al-
most all compelled to dismount and walk, to keep life in
our limbs, and the water froze in icicles on the legs of
the horses. I counted in one place twelve skeletons huddled
together in a little nook. Some, from their atti-
tudes, appeared to be those of persons who had expired
in great agony, probably from wounds. Most of them
retained their hair, and the skin was dried on the bones,
so that the hands and feet were altered in form. Some
were still covered with fragments of clothing, and here
and there the uniform was discoverable. The horse
and rider lay side and side, or men were seen clasped in
each other's arms, as they had crowded together for
warmth. One spot, where the pass was almost closed
by rocks projecting from either side, was literally choked
with the corpses of men, horses and camels."

HOW TO ESCAPE BEING SCALPED.

An honest Pat being on an expedition against the
Indians in our late war, having lost that which Shaks-
peare has said time can never restore, occasioned by a
course of nature namely his hair—had supplied the
want of it by wearing a wig. The party to which he
belonged being surprised by a party of Indians, were put
to flight—poor Pat in endeavouring to make his escape
had the misfortune to fall down, and was soon overtaken
by a nimble-footed savage, who applied his scalping
knife to his head and bore off what he took to be Pat's
scalp! The party to which Pat belonged having later
drove the Indians in turn, and were not a little sur-
prised to see their old friend approaching them with his
bald pate; when he came near, one and all began to
console him for the loss of his scalp—when Pat re-
plied "be easy my jewels, the devil of a scalp did he get
off me! the scalp took my old red wig, and much good
may it do him, for by my soul it will never suit his com-
plexion."

AN UNHAPPY DISPOSITION.

An unhappy disposition is the worst of all destinies,
because you cannot escape from it. It is a plague you
carry along with you. That a restless and unquiet
mind can by any effort or resolution be converted into a
tranquil and happy mind, is what may be affirmed im-
possible. It is easy to convert a lean frame into a stout
pale complexion into a fresh, and a fair into a dark—
Temper is constitutional, like the shape of the nose, or
mouth, or the color of the eyes. Still it is possible to
improve any disposition by culture; as it is possible to im-
prove the expression of any countenance. You cannot
change the original character, but you can improve it.
What the world calls good tempers, are, perhaps, at the
root, no better than the bad. The bad are generally
those of great energy and vigor, and only require direc-
tion and care to make them most useful and profit-
able. But without this care, they are liable to wild ex-
cesses, which which entail great misery on their pro-
gressors.

THE WOMAN FOR A WIFE.

She who dislikes wine in general, but especially
Champagne; she to whom plain stuff and satin are e-
qual, who objects to feathers, and considers jewelry un-
becoming; who professes the leg of a fowl to the wing, and
a mutton chop to either; who has no relish for plays,
concerts, balls, parties, or any kind of diversion what-
ever; and whose favorite occupations are mending her
husband's things and cooking his victuals—she is the wo-
man for a wife! So says the papers—and we shouldn't
wonder if she is the very dot, sure enough.

A wag says that in journeying lately he was put into
a stage sleigh with a dozen persons, of whom he did not
know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after how-
ever the sleigh was upset, "and then" said he "I found
them all out."

USE OF ADVERSITY.

The mind is a beautiful gem set in a dark casket,
shedding the more lustre the more it is surrounded by
gloom. Intellect is oft times developed by adversity only,
as the lesser light is lost in the glare of day, and
needs the aid of night to reveal it.

Did man never know sorrow, he could never appre-
ciate joy. Pain fits us for the enjoyment of pleasure
which can only be secured by the occasional recurrence
of its opposite, as pleasure soon fails when uninterrup-
tedly indulged.

To sympathize fitly with another's grief, we must
have felt our own.

ELECTION JOKE.—At a recent election in this city
(says the Worcester Journal,) the vote of a well known
gentleman was challenged by a young whipper-snapper,
who officiated, and who knew that the old gentleman
differed in politics from him. "It is necessary for you
to swear that you have lived in this ward more than ten
days," said the challenger. "Why you know that I
have," replied the voter, "for more than ten months ago
you came to my shop, and purchased the hat you have
on, and never paid for it yet."

To prevent moulding in Books, Ink, Paste and Leath-
er.—Collectors of books will not be sorry to learn that a
few drops of oil of lavender will ensure their libraries
from this pest. A single drop of the same will prevent
a pint of ink from moulding for any length of time.—
Paste may be kept from mould entirely by this addition
and leather is also effectually secured from injury by the
same agency.

NAPOLEON'S CHARGER.

The Royal Amphitheatre London, has recently been
the place of exhibition of the favorite horse of Napoleon,
called by his master "Superb," now thirty-eight years
old and a beautiful animal. We find the history of the
creature given as follows in an English Journal.

This noble animal was captured by General Orloff,
in 1833, in the disastrous retreat from Moscow. He
was a great favorite with the Emperor, and the compan-
ion of many of his most successful campaigns. He
remained in the possession of Orloff, at St. Petersburg
till 1834, when he was presented to the father of M.
Tourniari (now here) then Director of the Imperial
Circus, and much esteemed for his professional abilities
as well as respected for his devoting to the memory of
the late Emperor, Orloff in presenting him liberally said
"Jacques Tourniari, you were greatly attached to the
late Emperor of France, and your attachment honors
you. You are known to be a friend to horses; and, sat-
isfied of the care he will receive at your hands, to you I
confide this, my greatest favorite. Superb is too light
for my use—I have grown too heavy for him. To sell
him to a strange master is a tale I cannot think of sub-
jecting him to. To you, therefore I entrust him; and as
you loved him to whom he first belonged, you will I am
sure, cherish Superb for the memory of the owner, as
as well as for his own sake."

This trust was discharged with exemplary devotion
by the elder Tourniari, who at his death, in 1839, left
him to his present owner, Mons. Tourniari, whose ten-
derness towards him is but evidenced by his advanced
age. Superb is a white, or rather very light grey Ara-
bian, and is sixteen hands high. He is now incapable
of much exertion, and little is assigned him in the peice
now being performed; but it is interesting to see him in-
troduced on the stage, with one who is the very resem-
blance of his once imperial but long deceased master;
and affecting to witness him—his ear still quick to the
martial tone of the war horn—join, riderless, in the mi-
nute procession of that extraordinary man, with whom
he was a great favorite.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE, WHERE "DE- CEMBER'S AS PLEASANT AS MAY."

The following is an extract from a description of Cal-
ifornia, one of the departments of Mexico on the Pa-
cific Ocean, which recently appeared in the St. Louis
New Era:

The climate is a perpetual spring; neither the heat of
the summer nor the cold of the winter is experienced. It
is as mild on the Pacific side in lat. 45 deg. N. as it is
in lat. 34 deg. N. on the Atlantic side. The cause of
this difference of climate in the same latitude, I suppose
to be the prevailing winds from the north during the sum-
mer, and from the south during the winter. In fact the
effect is so great, that in many places on the coast it is
warmer in the winter than in the summer, even in latitude
37 and 38 deg. N. Standing water has never been
known to freeze thicker than common window glass;
running water never freezes. No fires are required in
sitting rooms, offices, or shops, at any season of the year
consequently fuel is never required for any other than
culinary purposes.

It may be truly said of this country, that December is
as pleasant as May. Now the vast herds of beasts, wild
and domestic, instead of roaming over frozen and deso-
late hills, or fields of ice and snow, driven by the howl-
ing tempest from side to side, or shivering in the chilling
cavern or frozen stall, bellowing and howling for pro-
tection against nature's hard fate, are seen throughout
this herbage and delightful region in herds innumerable
ranging, promiscuously from river to river and from hill
to dale, cropping the inexhaustible and spontaneous ve-
getation.

A PILL FOR A DUELLIST.

An apothecary having refused to resign his seat at
a theatre to an officer's lady, the officer feeling him-
self much insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary
was punctual at the meeting, but observed, that not hav-
ing been accustomed to shoot, he had to propose a new
way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket
a bill box, and taking from thence two pills, thus ad-
dressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, sir, you
certainly would not wish to fight me on unequal terms;
here are, therefore, two pills; one composed of the most
deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless; we are,
therefore, on equal ground, if we each swallow one; you
shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take
that which you leave." It is needless to add, that the
affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

IRISH WIT.

An Irish weaver, just imported from the sister isle,
took to his employer in Kilmartock, the other day, the
first cloth he had woven since his arrival. His employ-
er detected in the cloth two small holes, within half an
inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of
a shilling for a hole.

"And please ye," returned Pat, "is it by the number
of holes, or by the size of them, that you put the fine up-
on us?"

"By the number of holes to be sure."

"Faith and a big hole and a small hole is the same
price!"

"Yes, a shilling for each hole, big or little."

"Then give me hold of the piece," replied Paddy,
and getting the cloth into his hand, he tore the two small
holes into one, and exclaimed, "By the hill of Howth,
and that saves me a shilling anyhow!"

A SILENT COUPLE.

In the parish of Duloe, Cornwall, there are now liv-
ing a man and his wife who have not spoken for eight
years. They often go to work together, sleep in one
bed, take their meals at the same table, and show not
the slightest anger towards each other. The only rea-
son to be assigned for their obstinate and protracted si-
lence is, that each is too proud to speak first.—[Why
not both speak together?]

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

A lady in the North of England, on dispensing with
the services of a faithful servant girl, gave her the fol-
lowing letter of recommendation.—"Madam, Sukey
Day lived with me wofy year and seven months cookin'
bakin' and is a hfectful kind of body she is very onest
and I defer now her to be in licker and she has no sweet
arts."

If a friend desire you to write a long letter, and if you
can find but little to say, this request may be complied
with by folding an ordinary sheet of paper length-ways.

"THE KENTUCKY FARMER."

Henry Clay, to recommend himself, and to get prece-
dence over Van Buren says, *I am a son of Virginia, and
a slaveholder of Kentucky.* Aye, and he is a farmer,
forsooth—"the great farmer of the West!" as Gov. Sew-
ard dubbed him at the agricultural show in Rochester,
and so the whigs call him, in prose and poetry. Now
the following will show what sort of a farmer he is. It
is a description of Mr. Clay's farm and stock, given by
James C. Fuller, a Quaker residing at Skegstadale, N.
Y., and furnished for publication in the Mohawk Cour-
ier.—*Statesman.*

"Having a great desire to see the imported 'cattle' on
Henry Clay's plantation, I went thither. On approach-
ing the house, I saw a colored man, to whom I said,
'where wert thou raised?' In Washington. 'Did Henry
Clay buy thee there?' 'Yes.' 'Wilt thou show me
his improved cattle?' He pointed to the orchard, and
said that the man who had charge of them was there.—
As I followed his direction, I encountered a very inte-
lligent boy, apparently eight or nine years old. I said
to him, 'canst thou read?' 'No.' Is there a school for
colored people on Henry Clay's plantation?' 'No.'—
'How old art thou?' 'Don't know.' In the orchard I
found a woman at work with a needle. I asked, 'how
old art thou?' 'A big fifty.' 'How old is that?' 'Near
sixty.' 'How many children hast thou?' 'Fifteen or
sixteen.' 'Where are they?' 'Colored folks don't know
where their children is: they are sent all over the coun-
try.' 'Where wert thou raised?' 'Washington.' 'Did
Henry Clay buy thee there?' 'Yes.' How many children
hast thou there? 'Four.' 'Where are they?' 'I don't
know; they tell me they are dead.' The hut in which
this 'source of wealth' lives, was neither as good nor as
well floored as my stable. Several slaves were picking
fruit in the orchard. I asked one of the young men
whether they were taught to read on this plantation and
they answered no. I found the overseer of the cattle
with a short handled, stout whip which he had broken.
He said that it answered both for a riding whip, and oc-
casionally, to whip off the slaves.

There is your farmer! A fit man, he, to guard the
interest of the free laborers.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

When Henry Clay was speaker of the House of Rep-
resentatives, and Randolph a member of that body, the
latter indulged himself in drawing a fancy portrait, in
something like the following words:

"We will suppose, Mr. Speaker, a young man born
in Virginia, destitute of principle, who has spent his
patrimony in dissipation and gambling, removes to
Kentucky, and by some lucky chance is elected to the
State Legislature. We will go further, sir, and sup-
pose him elected a member of this House, and still fur-
ther, sir, and suppose him raised to the elevated sta-
tion of the presiding officer of this very House; and sup-
pose he now sits in the chair"—pointing his long sarcas-
tic finger to Clay, who immediately called Mr. Ran-
dolph to order. Mr. Randolph appealed to the House,
which supported the call to order by the Speaker. Mr.
Randolph then rose, and in a manner peculiar to him-
self, observed: "I drew a picture from imagination—
you applied it to yourself—and the House has confirm-
ed its application."

PUZZLES.

Convert the word *new door* into one word. Ans.
One word.

Whether were knees or elbows first made? Ans.
Knees, because beasts were formed before man.

What is the difference between a good governess and
a bad one? Ans. A good one guides Miss, and the
other misguides.

What was Eve's maiden name? Ans. Woman.

Why is a chronologist like a palm tree? Ans. Be-
cause he can supply you with dates.

You are requested to make one word of *Red Nuts*
and *Gins*. Ans. Understanding.

Of what word of one syllable can the following words
be composed: Hare, ache, ale, are, lace, care, chase,
rase, ale, ash, case, seal, ace, hares, each, leach? Ans.
Charles.

CONUNDRUMS.

The Alphabet were invited out to dinner in alphabet-
ical form; what is the reason all could not comply with
the invitation? Ans. Because some of them were
X Q Z; or *Excused*.

What trade is the Sun? Ans. He is a tanner.

Why is a cigar-smoker like an author? Ans. Be-
cause he is fond of a *Puff*.

Why is love like a potatoe? Ans. Because it springs
from the eye.

What liquid measure does a fool resemble? Ans. A
Butt.

Why is a person reading aloud like a judge? Ans.
He pronounces sentences.

FREE TRADE.

"Wat does you call dis free trade, Pete, dat pol-
ticians make sich a fuss gegally about."

"Why it's de korrek resprrosity system ob busness,
Sam," said Pete.

"Splain, Pete."

"Wall, here's a desampel—sposse you lends me a dol-
lar, and s'posse you den asks me de loan ob a dollar;
wall, I doesn't lend you a dollar, but I gibs you a dol-
lar for de dollar you gib me, darfor dat's de defferish-
un ob de resprrosity system."

"Pete, I see satisfied," says Sam; "you knows a trifle,
I reckons."—[*Piquette.*]

CURIOS.

In the words of John Taylor, the Water Poet, there
occurs the subjoined piece of laborious ingenuity, upon
which he greatly prided himself—

"Lewd did I live & yet I did dwell."

"This line," says he, "is the same backward, as it is
forward, and I will give any man five shillings a piece
for as many as he can make."

She who makes her husband and children happy,
says Goldsmith, who reclaims the one from vice and
trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater charac-
ter than ladies described in romances, whose occupa-
tion is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver
of their eyes.

"What is your opinion of the Corn Laws, Mr. Up-
land?"

"My opinion, sir, is that they go very much against
the grain."